

LAWRENCE CALDWELL

1Tape 288

Discussion with Joe Norton: June 4, 1990

Transcribed by: Kathleen Irving, 2003

Lawrence Caldwell (Lawrence):and that is the reason it happened like that. And they said it never would spring a leak anymore. Well, let me tell you. It's been twelve or thirteen years since we put the big pipe in up to the ranch. Well, this last couple of years it's busted. Tell me why these water lines burst in these (?). Why? Why do they? They buried all right. The thing is, that will break it when you got to get in there with your backhoe to dig down five feet. He's got that down five feet. And that camp builder come over here and said he could have put that in for a third of the money and it didn't have to go in over ten inches.

Joe Norton (JN): Well, as long as it's drained in the fall I can't see any reason for it to be down five feet.

Lawrence: No, and it's five feet down in there. I was up there that day and I told Loyal to go and I said, "My God, don't dig that that deep," and I said, "Besides, you're going right through where the sidewall's flinched." I said that's what we surveyed it for. Aaaayyy, old Loyal! I'd like to buy him for what he's worth and sell him for what he thinks he's worth. I'd buy Lapoint. All of it.

JN: Well, I don't know....

Lawrence: Well, there is too many people anymore that don't want to get involved. If us older people hadn't've got involved, there wouldn't be nothing here.

Mary Norton (Mary): Lord, we can't even get a crew up there to help us clean.

Lawrence: I know it! I know it! We used to have a celebration, we had a rodeo, and a ball game, and I cooked hamburgers until my eyes burned out, and people did things. They're too goddamn lazy, that's all that's the matter.

We were up there getting this greasewood and sagebrush off. Uncle Ashael Caldwell had a big gray team and they were crazy. They run away up there and drug sagebrush every which way. They lost Ashael. We finally got 'em caught up in the corner, but we was up there with levelers. They were homemade, like Dad Norton made with the bar across the middle, a level and then greasewoods off. And it didn't cost us a million dollars either.

JN: That got it just as level as this expensive equipment that they're using now.

Lawrence: Then I told Loyal, I said, "Don't ? all over the cemetery here until you get ready to use it. It will be all back." Well, look at it. It hasn't only been a year or so and it is damn near back now.

JN: You know what I would like to see? I would like to see ‘em clean off the rest of that and plant it in grass because you can pay the water and maintain the grass cheaper than you can fight those weeds. And they’ve got the expensive damn weed killer to spray around there, and it kills the wrong things.

Lawrence: It kills the wrong things. You’re damn right it does!

JN: I’d like to see ‘em plant the whole thing in grass.

Lawrence: Well, it’d be all right to just leave it like it is until you got ready for it, Archie Lee Searle’s would be the first grave that was ever dug there.

JN: Whose grave was that?

Lawrence: Archie Lee Searle’s. It’s right up there.

Mary: Yeah, I showed you where it was.

Lawrence: Right on that side. I imagine in them days we didn’t know too much about it, but looking back, I imagine it was cancer. I don’t know, but he was sick for a long time, Archie was. He was Delos’ and Trenton’s and Steve’s dad. Yeah. They didn’t have any girls.

JN: Yeah. Let’s see, Steve wasn’t Blackburn, he was Searle.

Lawrence: All the boys were Searles. There was only one Blackburn and that was Virgie. He married Merle.

JN: Merle said that when they buried Archie Searle, he and Fern Warburton, and who’s the other young guy? Said they were standing there looking in the hole, and this other young guy, his name’s right on the tip of my tongue, says, “Well, I’ll be next.” Eighteen days later he died with the flu. He and Fern Warburton were engaged to be married.

Lawrence: That was Gene Nebeker. Don’t talk to me about them things, I was there.

JN: Yeah, Gene Nebeker. Merle said that it struck him funny that he would...

Lawrence: The doctor came across, they lived right over there, and we lived right here where Dad built that house, and that old doctor from Whiterocks, he come down here. My dad saved more people than he ever did. That old doctor come and stood in there a little bit and took my pulse, I remember, put his hand on my head. “Well,” he said, “kid, I hate to tell you, but you’ll be next.” We could hear ‘em pounding the nails in Gene’s coffin. We made our coffins, we made ‘em all. They were pounding the nails. Abe Warburton, C.E. Thompson, and them were making Gene’s casket over there. The same ones that made my baby sister’s casket.

JN: And the doctor told you you’d be next.

Lawrence: He told me I'd be next. I never forgot it.

JN: Do you remember his name?

Lawrence: No, I can't remember his name.

JN: He was from Whiterocks, huh? Probably with the Indian Department.

Lawrence: ... Lanny Cook. Well, I got him first, but Aunt Mil Swain had brought babies into this country, but she wouldn't do it to all these Justices. He never give her anything. He sent Lanny Cook after Aunt Mil and Aunt Mil wouldn't go, so Lanny rode a horse clear up to Whiterocks and that old doctor and Lanny come down in the rain and the flood in Deep Creek. The water was about that high over that bridge. Well, it's gone now, but they went across and took care of Ella. Aunt Mil Swain said she felt bad ever after because she hadn't went and done that. But she brought a hundred babies into this world and never lost a mama ner a baby.

JN: She was the midwife, Mildred Swain. She was the one that took care of me when I was born in that corner right in there.

Lawrence: Well, I don't know what corner, but I remember when you was born.

JN: I probably bawled loud enough that everybody knew I'd come.

Lawrence: Well, we lived, me and Zina, in that little log house. I tried my best to buy that before they tore it down. Where Craig was born and Mama Norton and Aunt Mil Swain and Magdalene Zimmerman. I don't know. Mama Thompson lived right down there. Craig was over a year old before ever she seen him.

JN: She was mad at you and Zina, wasn't she?

Lawrence: No, well, she was probably mad at Zina. Well, we were right out here and Thompson and Perrys and if Uncle Wilford Caldwell and my dad and they come and completely cleaned me and Zina right. They tore many of our clothes off and scratched my face till there was blood all over it. We had a terrible time there, but then we was all as homely as Zina did, got the horses, cleaned, saddled 'em up and climbed on and went to Vernal. Got Dan Johnson (?) pretty near morning and the next day we got married in our clothes just like we were. Grandma Thompson come in and (?) Woolley said, "Now, Mrs. Thompson, if you'd like to stay, you're welcome. Just sit down and be quiet. If you don't," he said, "you know where they door is." He said, "These young people are old enough and they know what they want to do."

Well, we done pretty good. Grandma Norton took care of Zina all the time she was down. That was when they used to make them stay in bed.

JN: Yeah, two weeks.

Lawrence: That was crazy.

Mary: Women needed a rest.

Lawrence: No, I know it was crazy, though, Mary.

Mary: Oh, I know it was. Let me tell you, that was a long time to stay in bed.

Lawrence: Well, I look at sheep and pigs and cows and mares and things and see them bring their babies and get right up and go on.

Mary: I always stayed in bed ten days.

Lawrence: That was too many. That was ten days too many.

Mary: Hey, I could have got up and done a day's work after the baby was born. But they made me lay there and by the time I did get out of bed, I was so damn weak I couldn't do nothing.

JN: Lawrence, now that I've got this tape on, tell me again about this Jenkins girl being dragged, will you?

Lawrence: That was a Hadlock kid, Clarence Hadlock's kid.

JN: He was the guy that lived up the creek here?

Lawrence: No, they lived along that hill. As you go west, there's a kind of a raise up there along that hill, and there was a house there, a cabin, and that's where the Jenkinsees had lived. I don't know where he come from; I really don't know that because I was comin' from over across by the river. He roped this little girl, a tiny tot like that. The horse throwed him off and run away and drug her to death in the brush. Dear Mable. When I got there, of course it was [some time] and Mable was carrying the baby back, crying, in her arms, just carrying her baby back. Jerry and them lived out there somewhere, too.

JN: I think you said this Hadlock kid had the rope tied on his horse's neck.

Lawrence: Yes. Like you'd tie on your horses, you know.

JN: He roped the little girl and then he fell or something, huh?

Lawrence: Something happened, but he rolled off. Maybe the horse got caught in the brush [or] the baby did. And Mable carried the baby back 'cause I can still see her as if it were just that plain

JN: I think I saw that tombstone up at the cemetery.

Lawrence: Oh?

JN: You told me about the Piersons, too, who used to have a place west of the Harrisons.

Lawrence: We had Grandpa Noel, and I don't know the neighbors, the people that buried them. We didn't have no school offs, we never had nothing. I went to school right over here in the corner in a tent.

JN: Right over on the school grounds, where the school grounds is now?

Lawrence: Yes. Then the next year, well, we didn't go very long. They called it Frog Town, down there in by Neumeyers, and down there. There was a building and we went to school down there for a little while.

JN: Hey, did Fred Neumeyer drive the school bus? And what was it like?

Lawrence: No. I don't remember if Fred drove the school bus.

JN: Darrell Huber said that he did.

Lawrence: We didn't have no school buses until the year... Guy Long drove the first school bus, I think, but it was just an old rattle-trap of a thing. But back then, if you lived within three miles of the school, you walked.

JN: Or rode a horse?

Lawrence: Well, you got to school the best way you knew how.

JN: Well, Vera said that you're a Huber, said that one year at least, she didn't know when, maybe '23 or '24, that Fred Neumeyer drove the bus, an iron-tired wagon, apparently like a sheep wagon, with bolos over the top and canvas with a double row of seats facing each other, benches, and a little stove in there to keep the kids warm. She couldn't ride that because she was in the ninth grade, I think, and had to stay after school for an extra hour or something, so that meant horseback for her.

Lawrence: I never knowed he drove a school bus. The only thing I ever knowed was his bringing in kids from down there up to school.

JN: Well, maybe that's what it was. Maybe it wasn't a picture of a school bus.

Lawrence: I don't ever remember him driving a school bus, calling it a school bus. He just picked those other damn kids up and his own kids and brought them up here to school.

JN: Well, that probably wasn't an official school bus then.

Lawrence: No, I can't remember that.

JN: OK, well, that makes sense.

Lawrence: The first teacher we had over here was a Culver (?). I can't remember his first name, but his name was Culver and I can remember his white hair. It pretty near as white as mine and yours. Anyway, old Charlie Taylor over here run him off. He'd corrected them kids of Charlie's, you know, Lloyd and them, they were kind of ornery suckers and they still was.

JN: Jeff and Lloyd and Howard and Art.

Lawrence: Anyway, he had problems with them and old Charlie was a big old bull of a fellow. Only time I ever seen old Charlie Taylor back down was A.W. Norton. A.W. was a blacksmith, had a little blacksmith shop right over here back of...

JN: Across from the Country Store?

Lawrence: No, kind of back of that first post office. It was there Thompson built that little brick building across from Jerry. A little log building that he had. His little blacksmith shop was right between that and the creek right there.

JN: That shop, unless he had one set up before he built that one, I don't know, but it was this side of the Country Store.

Lawrence: That one become a storeroom, the one he built. This one was a little log building, just in back of that little post office that Thompson built, right there.

JN: Let's see, the post office that Thompson built, that later became Smith and Swain's, didn't it?

Lawrence: That's that little brick building and it didn't have all that junk over it and there's a log goes around through it that I helped Dad Thompson put there with a plate on to keep it, it was going to fall down.

JN: That's this old building now, that used to be Smith and Swain that later on became Smith and Swain. OK, C.A. Thompson built the post office next to it.

Lawrence: No, the post office was built first.

JN: Yeah. He built the post office, and then did Ma Smith build the brick part here or did she just build up on top and out back?

Lawrence: Well, she didn't build that up on top. Ag Kump built that up on top.

JN: Oh, did he? I thought Mrs. Swain had that.

Lawrence: No, a little wider there. If I were up there, I could show you, but you go up there, you look on this west corner, you'll see a bolt goes back through there. There's a plate on here and a

plate on there to hold them bricks together. I helped Dad Thompson put that there afterwards. But that was the first post office we had besides the one that was down by Taft. They brought it up here and I think it's still over there by ?. I think ? used it or something over there.

JN: Well, there was a little building brought up from Taft and it eventually wound up over to Johnny Lambert's. He was using it for storage or something, and it burned, they tell me.

Lawrence: No, it never burned. It's still over there. I've seen it.

JN: I thought it burned.

Lawrence: I don't think it ever burned up. I never knowed of it burning up. Last time I went over there it was over by ? Taylor's.

JN: Well, somebody told me it had gotten burned.

Lawrence: No, I don't think it ever burned up.

JN: Lawrence, there's another white building that in my mind I associated with Taft, and I don't know whether I'm right or wrong, but there was a white building that was brought up and parked over at the school and some of the classes were held in that. Then later, it was dragged up behind the pool hall.

Lawrence: It's right there now.

JN: No, it's gone. Merrell tore it down. But where did that come from? Was that a school? Was that the old Webb School?

Lawrence: That was the old Webb School, come from way down in there.

JN: Just this side of Floyd Angus's place now.

Lawrence: Well, north, maybe it's a mile.

JN: Chuck Taylor took me down there and showed me where the old Webb School was, and he said that was the north corner of the old Strip, the Gusher Strip.

Lawrence: Well, that's right.

JN: But that's where this white building came from that was used over here at the school grounds as a classroom for several years, and then finally moved up behind the pool hall.

Lawrence: We danced and things in that thing, too, that you're talking about. Susan and Leif Winn, she played the guitar and he played the fiddle and we danced in that thing.

JN: I just remember it being there and being used, but I didn't know where it came from, but that was the old Webb School, huh?

Lawrence: Yep.

JN: I knew it came from down that way.

Lawrence: That was South Liberty and up here to Tridell was North Liberty. And there was nothing here until that come, and a few people got here, you know. Leif Winn lived right across there on the bank where R. Rasmussen lives, and Grandpa and ? grew up on the corner. Oh dear, I'll have to go there. ? Molly and Bill Bark and Hen Lee, they lived over there. That place in the trees, there's a lot of stuff in there and there's a house in there.

JN: Lanny Cook's wife owns it now.

Lawrence: Well, Hen Lee built that.

JN: I remember when Hen Lee lived there.

Lawrence: Well, Hen Lee built that. Well, Hen Lee first lived in this little log one, that's just across the creek, right there. That's where Hen Lee first lived. I used to go down there with a bucket. I used to say May Lee threw better food away than we had to eat. Take it up to my pigs, beans and big loaves of bread and things, you know. That's where Hen and May lived.

JN: Let's see, Wilma was quite dark. Was May part Mexican?

Lawrence: May was all Mexican.

JN: I remember Seth and Clyde and Wilma were all kind of dark. But May was Mexican, huh?

Lawrence: ? married finally married Wilma, but Clyde and Horace...

JN: Yeah, Horace, a helluva nice guy.

Lawrence: Yeah, Clyde and Horace. Then there was one younger than Wilma.

JN: Flora.

Lawrence: No, it was a boy. I can't think of his name, maybe I will someday.

JN: Yeah, it will come to you in minute. Hey, Lawrence, something I wanted to get on this tape, too, is your account of the road up on Lapoint Hill. Tell me how and why and who constructed that.

Lawrence: I'll tell you. Have you ever seen the trail that goes up through down there by the Hubers, goes up over the bench? Well, it goes over, down the ?, over by the blue dugway, cross over by Halfway Hollow and come out just above Maeser. That was the first trail over here.

JN: That was the old Indian trail, huh?

Lawrence: No. The old Indian trail was up here, it comes down the back of the cemetery there. You can see where it comes down there. That was the first way they'd come over here. Then they'd finally come over the "stumping road," they called it, up through Dry Fork, up over the Pine Ridge, down through what they called ?, crossed right up there by Levi Smith's old homestead, come down that side and the creek, crossed right over there, went right down by Dave Murray's house by the river by ? Ridge, off down through there, crossed by old Jake Nielson's and by the square ?, down by the Tattered (?) White Crossing, and across the Tattered (?) White Crossing and down to Fort Duchesne, where the old Gilsonite mines were.

JN: OK. That was to get from Vernal to Fort Duchesne before the road was put in.

Lawrence: This road, Dodd's first road, I used to say the hub of your wagon had to grind in the sandrock so it wouldn't tip off. I went down that one time. That's the way me and Zina went when we went to get married, we went over that old road. If I had a horse I could just go right over [it]. But that was the first one. The first way we come was... Grandpa, when he come down the old Indian trail, and this Lapoint Road more or less followed that Indian trail for a long time, you know.

JN: Okay, then the Lapoint Road became a state road, so the state...

Lawrence: It should have been; it should have been. That's the road I'm telling you was forty-eight miles closer to Salt Lake than that thing, 'cause Mr. ? surveyed it.

JN: Yeah, I remember when they were deciding to put Highway 40 through and we thought it was going to go through Lapoint.

Lawrence: We didn't have enough people that had guts enough to get out and fight a little bit for it.

JN: At that time, I was just a kid, probably sixteen, seventeen, something and Pryor Hacking was Speaker of the House of Representatives and I never could figure out why he voted to put the road down there through Roosevelt instead of through Lapoint.

Lawrence: The big guns were forcing Hacking's hand. They were afraid he wouldn't get elected anymore, which he didn't anyway.

JN: Yeah.

Lawrence: They let it go over here to Neola, then down. That was all we got, that's as far as we got, that's Highway 121. You get the book and find out that ? and Sarah Hacking, that's the road

we fought for, but ? didn't dare. The deal was for all that country down there would ? get back in, which he didn't.

JN: Well, I didn't understand politics; I still don't, but I can understand...

Lawrence: Boy, you sure do. You get a pile of manure and stir it until it stinks right good and that's politics.

JN: Okay. Whose idea was it to put the flagpole up on Lapoint Hill?

Lawrence: My idea. They had me president of that little club, Lapoint Local Welfare Club.

JN: Oh, I didn't know those other words were in there.

Lawrence: Well, I've got to get it right so you'll think I'm not crazy.

JN: Okay. I was talking to Doris Burton about it yesterday.

Lawrence: I was the president and that was my dream. At one time I had a big dream to build a big dance hall up on top of there and put "Dance On Top of the World" and put Lapoint on the map. But I never got that done.

No, I don't know what got into Tiny and them. They should have put the flag up for Decoration Day. I don't know what they done.

JN: Who helped in building that dugway?

Lawrence: Old Ben Cook, Clarence Hadlock, Joe-Joe Warner. Little Joe Warner run the grader and Clarence Hadlock and Ben Cook run the road plow and the router, to roll the rocks. We rolled the rocks with that old, tired grader. Old Joe Warner, down here, he run the wheels on that old grader and I drove four heads of horses, the first heads of horses that went up and rolled them rocks down off of there.

JN: I think you said my dad was involved in that.

Lawrence: Yes, he was. He was with us all the way.

JN: Then somebody put a flagpole up there and it's been changed since then.

Lawrence: The Welfare Club was putting it up then. This last one I put there. That one that's there now, I put that there.

JN: Well, that cost you some money. That's a steel flagpole.

Lawrence: That steel pole, buried in cement, and the flag that is supposed to go on it cost me nearly a hundred dollars. I've got the check to show you.

JN: Yeah, I know when you bought it last year.

Lawrence: But I don't know why Iris and Tiny and Jane, I said, about Decoration Day, I said that it was time to put it up, I thought. I don't know what's going to happen. I don't know. I've got too damned old. But that's the way it was. But Dad and Arden was in our clubs and everything and he painted our signs and whatever he had like that, Dad and Arden did.

JN: Now that's the Lapoint, what did you say?

Lawrence: The Lapoint Local Welfare Club.

JN: It was a Chamber of Commerce really. When I came back from the Army, we tried to reorganize that club.

Lawrence: No, I remember that. It never... After that thing dissolved, you couldn't get these people in here to do a damn thing. Try it now! Try it now!

JN: It's worse.

Lawrence: No, Albert and Grandpa Norton and Carl Hacking, I don't know, it seems like maybe one more, when we put that first flagpole up there and the first ?, we carried the water in a five-gallon can. But it was a pine pole and it broke off. I don't know.

Then I had a dream that before I died maybe I could fix it back, put the flagpole back and some of the guys did it for me. This Allred up here, he put the "L" up there and remodeled that "L". You can see it a lot better. It needed some new paint on it and I got that. I'm not a bit sorry, I'm glad I did. Lapoint won't remember me anyhow.

Mary: Oh yes, they will.

Lawrence: Well, I just come up to say hello

Mary: It was fun to have you drop in.

Lawrence: I'd have come before, but some days I don't feel so damned hot.

JN: Your legs are buggered up pretty good.

Lawrence: No, it's my back.

JN: Is it your back?

Lawrence: And my legs, too. Just right where your belt goes around, that's where my back hurts.

JN: Right in your lower back.

Lawrence: I carried the rod and Clair Hacking drove the page (?) and Bernie Colton (?) surveyed this and that's forty-eight miles out through Willow Creek Pass down through Hailstone (?) to Salt Lake. Forty-eight miles.

JN: Forty-eight miles closer.

Lawrence: Yeah. I imagine it could have been shorter than that.

JN: Ray Dillman...

Lawrence: Yeah. He was senator.

JN: Was he senator?

Lawrence: Yeah, he was a senator.

JN: Well, he had property in Roosevelt.

Lawrence: He lived there. It didn't make any difference. That was Roosevelt. This was Lapoint. We was too little. He had Clair Hacking scared to death for fear Clair wouldn't get elected, which he didn't. He never got re-elected.

JN: Well, I don't know. There's always some kind of a problem coming up. I don't know whether you are even aware of the problems we've had with these tanks of Dave Murray's.

Lawrence: Oh, yes. I know a lot about that. I know all you fellers are scared to death...

JN: Well, it stinks.

Mary: I'm not afraid of Dave, damn him.

Lawrence: I told Dave one day, I says, "Well, they're not a-botherin' me, but I can't understand why you insist on those being there right in the middle of town."

JN: At the County Planning and Zoning Commission meeting recently I said, "Who authorized the placement of those tanks to be put in the middle of town to start with?"

Lawrence: Dave.

JN: Dave did, yeah. These guys on this commission said, "Well, maybe that was before the new law went into effect and blah, blah, blah."

Lawrence: It was not.

JN: They just danced around that and I never did get an answer.

Lawrence: That's what I said, they're scared of Dave Murray. That's what I said.

JN: These guys in Vernal are probably scared of him, too.

Lawrence: That's what I mean, Joe, that's what I'm talking about.

JN: I said, "In Vernal you have an industrial area." I said, "If I went down here where the old Imperial Hall used to be and bought that vacant ground and asked you for permission to put a couple of storage tanks, oil tanks like that, you'd laugh all summer." I said, "Where is your industrial area in Vernal?" "Well, it's out east and south, down toward Naples." And I said, "Yes, and in Roosevelt they had sense enough to move an industrial park three miles out of town, but where is it written that we have to accept an industrial area right in the middle of our town? Are we poor relations living in Lapoint?"

Lawrence: Well, you'll have to come and get me next time.

Mary: Oh, Lord, I wish we had thought of that. We needed you. And we may still need you.

Lawrence: I thought when he put them there... Of course, I'm just a little ol' farm boy in this town here, but I said to Dave, I said, "Don't you think that's a bad place to put them?" "No," he said, "I'm going to put them there. It's handier for me."

JN: Yeah. He cares about Dave, nobody else.

Lawrence: Now you've got the whole thing by the tail. You've got the skunk of the deal. 'Give me the biscuits, you go to hell.' I don't think they should be there, but he put them there and people let him. They should have stopped it there.

Mary: Hey, I don't know when he put them there. We didn't even know they were going up there until they were up there.

JN: We were remodeling our house and there was a travel trailer parked across the street and all of a sudden we realized that, hell, there were a couple of tanks up there and wondered what he was going to do with them.

Lawrence: It's a shame that they're there.

JN: It is a shame. I think we're stuck with it. I don't know another damn thing that I can do. I've got myself out on a limb now to where the least little breeze is going to bring me and that limb down.

Lawrence: Well, Dave told me that he put it there and it wasn't hurting nothing and people could keep their damned mouth shut or he'd quit paying taxes on us.

Mary: He'd get away with it, too.

Lawrence: Well, of course he would.

JN: They made him buy a license for his business recently.

Lawrence: Mary, don't you know one thing here? If you've got a pocketful of money, or a bunch of people behind you, you can go sit right in the middle of the floor?

Mary: Yeah, maybe.

JN: I want to pick your brain, too, about the early dances in Lapoint. Okay, we used to dance in the old community hall across the street here before that was torn down about 1930. Back beyond that, where did they dance?

Lawrence: How old are you?

JN: I'm seventy-three; I was born in 1920.

Lawrence: It was before then, about 1915 or 1913, 'cause I wasn't very big and I didn't have many nickels. It used to cost you a nickel to go in. It took five cents. They called them jitney dances.

JN: Jitney?

Lawrence: It was right the other side of where that old post office is there, that old one we've been talking about. It was built up on stilts about so high and had steps going up.

JN: Stilts about three feet high?

Lawrence: All the ladies would be up there, but every time you danced, you paid a nickel and then when you got through dancing you had to come down out and then when you went back up the four or five steps, then you had to pay another nickel.

JN: You called them jitney?

Lawrence: Jitney dances. I don't know what the hell they called them, but the boys called them jitney dances.

JN: How do you spell that?

Lawrence: I don't know. I've never thought about spelling it before. Fern Warburton taught me to dance the [Var]souviennne in that little ? up there. Oh, there was room in there for about twenty-five or thirty couples.

JN: It was open air with just a dance floor?

Lawrence: Had a roof on it and a space about so big clear around, like that, you know. We just danced there in the summertime. I wasn't very big, but I used to like to go over there if I had five or ten cents and get in a couple of dances. I liked that.

JN: Merrill told me that when he first came, let's see that would be about 19...

Lawrence: Merrill come here about 1917.

JN: He said they used to have rabbit-ear dances with Tridell, and scalp the rabbit, leave the ears attached and then they'd make two piles during intermission to see who had to sponsor the next dance. Do you remember that? Is that how they did it? Were those dances held here where you had the jitney dances?

Lawrence: No, not them kind. We just had our dances and when you'd come to your dance, if you had a girl you'd brought to the dance, you'd turn her loose at the bottom of the steps. The steps went up into the hall.

JN: Let's see later on, in 1917, along about then, when you were having these rabbit-ear dances...

Lawrence: Those were up to Tridell, they weren't down here.

JN: That was in Tridell?

Lawrence: Yeah, they weren't down here.

JN: Oh. Did they have their ward hall done up there?

Lawrence: No, they had a log building. I don't remember where it is. I imagine they used it for a schoolhouse and I imagine it was about fourteen by eighteen, or, I don't know how big, but like that.

JN: When was this community hall built? My dad didn't come until 1919.

Lawrence: Well, me and some of us guys, I helped cut timber for this hall here. It was supposed to be the church house. This is where we held the church down here. Zina used to say we put the devil on top and the Lord in the hole.

JN: Down in the basement, huh?

Lawrence: Yeah. That's where we was when, it was in the wintertime and we had those big, old pot-bellied [stoves]. You can remember them big, old pot-bellied stoves?

JN: Yep!

Lawrence: Well, it was really cold outside, but there was a good fire down in there and I remember, I had Craig and Blaine, now you can figure that out for yourself. I think Craig was about four and Blaine was about two and half, something like that. Anyway, the bishop, I can't remember who it was, whether it was Marshall or who-the-hell, but they had asked somebody to dismiss the meeting with prayer and *boom!* Here comes this bottle, maybe that big, full of skunk piss and it hit that stove.

JN: Half a pint, maybe.

Lawrence: It hit that stove, you know. Me and Zina, well, to make a long story short, I grabbed Craig up and Blaine up and got up them steps. When I got up to where I could breathe I said, "I could whip the son-of-a-bitch that done that." But, you know, I never found out who done that until here just not many years ago.

Well, me and Zina washed our hairs in tomatoes and juice and hot water and for a month people who were in there, you just stunk. You imagine that hot room with all the skunk! Art Taylor threwed that in there.

JN: Art Taylor did that?!

Lawrence: He was an old man, going around, and I told him about it. I said, "I've got a cane. You're crippling around, boy, but I think I can beat the shit out of you yet!" But I said, "You done it." You know who told me who done it?

JN: No. Who?

Lawrence: Art Curtis and Lanny Cook. Before Art died, he told me that Art Taylor had done that. They knowed that Art done that. You oughta've been down there. It would have been good for you.

JN: Oh, yeah. I'll bet. It was maybe half a pint, huh?

Lawrence: Man, every time you'd wash your face or your hands or your hair, man!

Mary: Did you know that back then nearly all your clothes were wool?

JN: If your clothing was made of wool, wool just won't give up an odor like that.

Lawrence: Your hair won't either.

Mary: The tomato juice should have helped.

Lawrence: Well, it didn't. We used gallons of it.

Mary: I'll be darned.

Lawrence: I washed my hair, just poured a whole quart of tomato juice, tomatoes and all in my hair, and so did Zina. Then the next time you'd get a little warm or start to sweat a little bit, whew! But Art Taylor done that.

JN: You still didn't tell me if you remember when that building was built. You and Merrill and a bunch of you young guys went to the mountains and brought out 32,000 board feet of timbers for it in about fourteen days, I think.

Lawrence: I can't remember. Merrill come here in... I can still see Merrill Rasmussen, and we were up here playing ball somewhere on this flat here. There wasn't any houses and we were playing. And Merrill Rasmussen came walking from down there on the river someplace, about 1917.

JN: Yeah, he came here in 1917 and they rented a place from John Murray, an Indian, the sheriff bought part of his place. But Doris, for this book, we were trying to find out yesterday, when this building was built. The *Builders of Uintah*, that book says 1920, but that can't be right. It was before that.

Lawrence: No.

Mary: Was it before or after you and Zina was married.

Lawrence: Seems to me like it was after that.

JN: After you were married?

Lawrence: No, 'cause me and Zina when Craig was a baby, we was coming across from over there where Dave Murray's kid lives and we were comin' down the trail across the creek and we had him in a basket and I lost the basket and my heels flew out from under me and we throwed Craig clear to the bottom of the creek in the snow. So, you see, that would be in 1923. Had to be. We were coming over here to go to a dance.

JN: Well, 1923 was the winter...

Lawrence: I know that. That's how I know that. Then we gathered Craig up and shook all the snow, shook everything out the best we could, put him back down in there and come over here and danced until twelve o'clock. That would have had to have been... He was a baby in a basket, that had to be about 1923.

JN: I can remember back to 1923. I was three years old. But that winter we spent in Salt Lake. Dad moved out there. That was the winter Mamie and Rulon got married and they lived here in the house.

Lawrence: Grandma Norton took care of Craig and Zina right across there.

JN: When was Craig born?

Lawrence: He was born in October of '22.

JN: Okay, so the winter of '23, Craig was a year old when we went to Salt Lake for a winter. But I've always heard that when Uncle David Wilson, they were having a meeting and wondering how to reinforce the walls, on this building, and this would be in 1919, in the spring of 1919. And he said, "Well, my brother-in-law, Burt Norton, will be here in a matter of weeks if there's a way to do it, he will know."

So, this would be 1919 and they were already having trouble with the walls, stabilizing the walls. Well, Dad took iron tires off my wagon and made L-A-P-O-I-N-T in rods with the turnbuckle through on the other side, I remember those. But he tightened the turnbuckles in there to hold the walls to keep them from going out.

Lawrence: Well, Joe, it had to be, because I played basketball in there, in that building and we danced there and we held church there. That's why Zina said they put the Lord in the hole where the skunk was and the devil up on top.

JN: This story about reinforcing the walls, this was apparently a problem before Dad came, and he got here in June of 1919.

Lawrence: Well, that little Lapoint building up there, ? Thompson reinforced that before this one was built. That was built before this one.

JN: Anyway, I caught that yesterday in what Doris is writing for this book. She said that this hall was built in 1920. She got that from the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers book, *The Builders of Uintah*.

Lawrence: It could have been, because all the guys who went up there, and they took me up there and I was the cook to feed that outfit...

JN: The guys that went up after timber, you mean?

Lawrence: Yeah. I cooked up there at the mill for everybody, peeled taters and put them in a big boil. I remember walking on snowshoes over to the Forest Service building over in Paradise Park and ransackin' that to get food. I wore these webs and I had never worn them before. Before I got back, I was doing pretty good.

JN: Yeah. Let's see, you guys went up to Hen Lee's mill, I think. I believe Merrill told me that Hen Lee...

Lawrence: Yes, up to Hen Lee's mill.

JN: He established the first mill up there.

Lawrence: Oh, hell no. Hell, no, hell, no, Joe.

JN: Well, that's what I heard. I don't know.

Lawrence: Hen was a long time. Old A.J. Johnston... Well, let's go back. Bowles, John Bowles, you go right across over there to Bowles Canyon to Bowles Mill. That was the first one there.

JN: How far is that from Paradise?

Lawrence: That's quite a ways down this way. You know where Mosby Park is?

JN: Yeah, I think so.

Lawrence: Well, you go down in Mosby Park, down to the bottom end, then across to the south a little bit and there's Bulls Spring and there used to be an old pile of sawdust there. I imagine the sawdust is all gone now. But then you went down Bowles Canyon and they had a hill down there they called Cane Bowles Hill and most of the time the guys would take a load of lumber down and bounced off that and break their cane bolts, you know. Now there's your first mill. Don't let them kid you that Hen Lee was up there first. That's your first mill.

Then, after Bowles, A.J. Johnston, in Mill Canyon, up where you see the sign to ? Cabin, the mill is right down in the canyon there about, oh, maybe fifty, sixty, maybe a hundred yards. I can't remember. But it's right down there. That was A.J. Johnston's sawmill. Now that was before Hen Lee.

Uncle Jim Caldwell, taking a load of lumber down there on the bobsleighs, and it tipped over and killed him down there at the bottom. I can show you right where he got killed. Now, that was in Mill Canyon. Now, that was before Hen Lee.

Then, Bill Johnston put a mill in Paradise Creek. Down below Paradise Park, down in the canyon there was Bill Johnston's sawmill. That was in Paradise Creek. That was before Hen Lee. Then Hardinger, I don't know what they called that. Some of the people used to call that F. Reeds (?) and some of them called it Deer Point, Buck Point, or whatever, but I can show you where the mill was, and that was before Hen Lee.

Then, Hen Lee and old Eli Lee got a little Ford tractor to run the mill with. They thought it would run it, the Ford tractor would run the saw, you know. That's where Hen Lee lost his fingers.

JN: I didn't know he lost his fingers. I didn't remember him being short on fingers.

Lawrence: You didn't remember?

JN: I remember Hen Lee, but not...

Lawrence: And Eli Lee, and that's where Eli Lee lost his fingers.

JN: Oh, Eli lost them?

Lawrence: Yeah. Then they took the mill, took the little Ford tractor, 'cause I helped Hen and Eli take it back to Vernal. That little sucker wouldn't even pull them hill them days, you know.

JN: Oh, boy!

Lawrence: And they took it back because it wouldn't run the mill. Then they got a boiler to run that. That's where the Hen Lee mill come in. Then Neldon Nyberg and me went up to work to Hen Lee's mill and I didn't like sawmilling and I quit. Neldon Nyberg stayed there and Hen Lee, afterward, owed him so much wages that Neldon took the mill over. That's where the Nyberg mill come in.

JN: I remember that one.

Lawrence: Don't let somebody kid you.

JN: Maybe I remembered wrong, too. But I remember Merrilll saying that a dozen of you guys went up and worked for fourteen days.

Lawrence: Well, you see, then Neldon went down in the Hole. Bill Johnston had the mill down on Paradise Creek. He got that mill and that's where Neldon and Alice lived when Delos Searle went up and beat Neldon out of his wife and Alice and [Delos] left the country and left Neldon the sawmill.

JN: Delos Searle. Now, let's see, Ella Boyle...

Lawrence: He married her after he lost Alice.

JN: Oh, she was my fifth grade teacher, Ella Boyle.

Lawrence: Well, he married Ella. They never had any kids, Alice and Neldon, never. Then later on, in later years, Neldon moved the mill down into some little old ? here. I can show you where all them mills was.

JN: I don't know. I'm fascinated. I don't know what I'm going to do with this information I'm collecting.

Lawrence: You tell 'em where you got it. Don't you tell 'em that you got. You tell them where you got it.

JN: That's the reason for this. By the way, on this tape, I'm talking with Lawrence Caldwell. He's probably the oldest guy in Lapoint. When were you born?

Lawrence: 1900.

JN: What month?

Lawrence: April.

JN: April 1900, so you're 93 now. Still driving, still getting around.

Lawrence: The first sawmill was the old Bowles sawmill, over in Bowles Canyon. The next one was in Mill Canyon, the next one was up Dry Creek Canyon into Paradise Creek.

JN: You've given me a lot more information about the milling here than I had. Maybe, like I started to say, I'm remembering crooked, too. Maybe Merrill didn't say that Hen Lee was the first one, probably didn't, but I've got Merrill talking on a tape, too.

Lawrence: But that's where we got the lumber for the building over here, was from the Hen Lee mill, so that must have been... Gad, that would have had to have been up in the twenties.

JN: No, it couldn't have been.

Lawrence: Had to be.

JN: Because it's been there ever since... Hell, I've got pictures of me playing in the ditch out here when I was about two years old with that building in the background, and that would have been 1922.

Lawrence: It was there then?

JN: Yeah.

Lawrence: Well, I used to cook for them. Maybe that was in 1918, 1919, I don't know. I wasn't married.

JN: How old were you when you got married?

Lawrence: Twenty-one.

JN: You were twenty-one, so you got married in 1921.

Lawrence: Yeah.

JN: Okay.

Lawrence: So, it must have been 1918 or something when I was up there, 'cause I done the cooking for 'em.

JN: I think it was probably '18 because there was already a question about whether the walls were going to stay standing in 1919.

Lawrence: I remember they thought it was going to fall. Well, one time, it was crooked like that. I not only helped get the timber out, I wheeled wheelbarrows full of junk, you know, brick or sand and gravel or what-the-hell they build with.

There was a great big ditch down in front of it. Remember that big ditch?

JN: In front of the ward hall?

Lawrence: You can't remember that ditch?

JN: No, I don't remember that.

Lawrence: That's where ? Trujillo fell in when he got drunk and dang near drowned. That's where Rial Blackburn hit Lee Labrum over the head with a six-shooter and shot a hole in the brick.

JN: I didn't know about that. Rial Blackburn, you say, was he marshal?

Lawrence: That was where Burt Swain was supposed to be the justice of the peace or whatever, he got a hold of old Cy Thompson and said, "Sikes, you'll have to quit dancing like this and acting like this, or I'll have to put you out." Sikes turned and got Burt by the ear and said, "Who's going to put who out, Burtie? Who's going to put who out? Come on, Burtie, let's go out now!"

JN: Sikes took him out, huh?

Lawrence: Sikes took him by the ear and led him right out. "Come in," he said, "Folks, let's dance." That's where me and Zina won the prize waltz, was right in that building.

JN: Boy, that was quite a deal. It had a stage in the south end, I remember.

Lawrence: Somebody messed a big pile up on that stage. I remember Bishop Marshall saying, yeah, he was the bishop then, he said, "Must have been the lawman." And David Wilson said, "It ain't no little man's job."

JN: Uncle David Wilson, he was my uncle, but he was the most mild-mannered man that I think I've met.

Lawrence: We'd be singing in church and them Lamoreaux kids would all be singing. Can't you remember them calling him Puddin'? They'd be singing, "Puddin' is growing, puddin' is growing." Those Lamoreaux kids would be singing just as big as big in church.

JN: We used to call him Puddin'. We used to call him "Should I." One day, I don't remember if I saw it or if they just told me about it, but do you remember during sacrament, they always held the door, had somebody hold the door so there wouldn't be any interruptions. Okay. Floyd Perry come and couldn't get in and shook the door two or three times and finally when he could, when

they got through prayin', Uncle David just pulled the door open and hit him, just plowed him over!

Lawrence: I couldn't remember who he socked.

JN: It was Floyd Perry. Remember we used to call him "Rats" Perry. Not to his face.

Lawrence: There's quite a story follows that along. They tried to convert Floyd, but, gee, clear up to Gene Nyberg, they never could convert Floyd. They never did. Because I used to be his ward teacher, used to go up there. But Floyd never would fall for it, no. Never would.

I can still see Merrill Rasmussen walking. He's up here playing ball some-damn-where.

And ? Trujillo, that old Mexican, he's the one that fell in that big ditch. He got drunk and fell in that big ditch, damn near drowned before they got him out. But I never did forget Sikes going, "Who's gonna put who out, Burtie? Who's gonna put who out? Come on, Burtie, let's go out." You know, Sikes was a pretty big feller to get by the nose.

JN: Damn rights! It would be like trying to put Sam where you want him.

Lawrence: Well, he wasn't built like Sam.

JN: No, Sam is a big feller, but Sikes was muscle.

Lawrence: I never seen such a mess in my life as there is over there.

JN: Yeah, he's got a lot of it, but he's going to put roof over it. It will get straightened out. He's a damn nice guy.

Lawrence: Well, he might be a nice guy, but he's got an uncle lives right down the road there, he don't know where he lives.

JN: I used to lay here and we had windows on this side of the house. Now, the door is on this side. But I used to lay here in the summer time with the little kids, my nieces and nephews and babysit those kids and look out the windows and all this was greasewoods out here. There's a fence over there, but all the lot out here was greasewoods and sagebrush. But I'd lay here and watch and see where Durham Sprouse and Mohawk and those guys would hide their bottle, which bush it was in.

Lawrence: Did you ever watch Jake Rasmussen go get them?

JN: Oh, I don't know. If he went after them, why, I saw him, too. But after a dance me and Don and some of us would usually go out and gather up what we could. By pouring them all together we'd get a spoonful or two spoonfuls of whiskey, sour mash or whatever. Did you ever see a drunk rooster? You hold that old red rooster and hold his mouth open and spoon feed him sour mash. Damn! That was funny. That rooster would stand up high and crow! Try to go under the corral fence and hit his head and down he'd go. He'd get up on the same side and crow again.

Lawrence: Well, in that bunch Jake was bishop, see, and used to... I don't know. I know the guys used to say that Jake used to steal the bottles.

JN: I don't know. I doubt that he drank it.

Lawrence: Oh, yes, I've seen him when he was pretty lit.

JN: Oh, have you?

Lawrence: Zina said, "I wonder where Jake got his." Well... That's where we used to walk. I remember my feet flying out and throwing Craig down in the snow. In a little basket.

JN: Sit still just a minute, I want to take a picture of you.

Lawrence: Oh, no!

JN: Oh, yes. That goes with this. I might need to prove where I got my information.

(Discussion about cameras)

Lawrence: I never will forget what old ? said, "And I got one "howl" of a ducky!" He darned near drowned the old feller, I'll tell you. Boy, that was a big ditch, though, I'll tell you that. How you can't remember that, I don't know. It was about five feet deep. It went right down the front of your house, right down like that.

JN: Well, I don't remember a big ditch down here.

Lawrence: It was full of water and Trujillo fell in. You'll break your camera.

JN: That's all right. I'll take a test.

Lawrence: But you tell them, whoever said Hen Lee had the first mill up there was drunk.

JN: Maybe I'm remembering crooked.

Lawrence: There was Bowles mill, the A.J. Johnston mill, the Bill Johnstson mill, all before Hen. 'Cause I helped them take that Ford tractor when they run that mill and we had to push it. We had one driver and one push to take it back to Vernal. Yeah.

JN: It wouldn't even pull up the hills, huh?

Lawrence: No. And Hen and Eli took it back. But don't leave old Eli out. He was in partners with Hen on the mill. Yep.

JN: Well, Hen Lee had a lot of businesses. Where did he get his money?

Lawrence: Stole it.

JN: What do you mean he stole it? How did he steal it?

Lawrence: Well, they got a judgement against him. He stole it out of a bank in Rock Springs, Wyoming, and when they caught him, they couldn't find the money and he went to jail and served his time and when he come out, he got his money. That's where he got it from.

JN: K.I. told me that he had his money buried and served ten years. When he got out, N.J. Meagher was getting a good start in the Bank of Vernal, so he discounted that gold and sold it to N.J. Meagher and that give him the money he needed and give N.J. a good start, too.

Lawrence: That's the way the little Indian store started, over there. That was Hen's first deal.

JN: Was that his first one?

Lawrence: Uh, huh, after he got out of jail. Well, no. Really, his first deal was out to Watson where he met May. It was a Gilsonite mine.

JN: I know he was out at Watson. He was partners in the thing out there. He was a partner in the Gibson Hotel in Vernal, with old Charlie Crouse, I believe. Wasn't Charlie in the Gibson Hotel?

Lawrence: I can't remember him, but I can remember Hen and Old Lady Gibson and Old Man Gibson, all in that hotel. I can remember that whole bunch 'cause Bus Hatch was a-digging a trench across over there to build a house and he couldn't get the rock out and he put a shot of dynamite or something in it and hit right over the top of that old lady's head. Bus said, "Too bad that didn't kill the old son-of-a-bitch!" Digging that trench.

Now they get these backhoes and all these things, where we used to swing the pick and shovel the dirt and shovel the dirt. There wasn't all these unemployed people and they didn't say, "That ain't my kind of a job."

JN: No, they didn't. Your kind of job was any damn thing somebody would pay you to do.

Lawrence: Sitting and listening this morning: four dollars and forty-five cents minimum wage. Well, I used to work around here different places, Vernal and different places, you got a dollar a day. One dollar. Ten cents an hour for ten hours.

JN: That was man's wages. I remember working for a quarter.

Lawrence: Oh, hell, I worked for a quarter, ten cents, any damn thing. Yeah. Old Bill Burton lived on there first and then W.K. Johnson, then Abegglen. I don't know. Down below where Trav lives, why, Magdalene Zimmerman lived and Verna Hansen. That building's tore down, down where Dave ? lived, that's Tad's (?).

JN: Let's see Magdalene Zimmerman, was she old Peg-Leg Zimmerman's sister?

Lawrence: Old Peg-Leg Zimmerman?

JN: Yeah, in Roosevelt.

Lawrence: Yeah, she was his sister.

JN: She was his sister and she married Hansen, didn't she?

Lawrence: Vern. Vern Hansen.

JN: I remember they had a kid, Jack Hansen, about my age.

Lawrence: I don't know for sure whether she married or another one. Anyway, one of the Hansen's died and she married Vern last. I don't remember who the first one was, but one of them died and she married his brother. Yeah. I can't think. But she married Vern and I can't think what the other one's name was. Oh, well, it doesn't matter, he's dead and buried anyhow.

JN: Well, hey, I know that chair's getting kind of hard for you.

Lawrence: It's my back, right here where I sit down.

JN: Would a softer chair be better?

Lawrence: No. Just have to get off of it. Eventually, I'll be all right. I'll drive around and go home and lay down, and think about what might have been.

JN: Well, that's a good way to spend the day on June 4, 1993.

Mary: You know, Lawrence, my dad was only four months older than you.

Lawrence: That doesn't mean anything. He was crazier than I am.

Mary: You knew my dad, didn't you?

Lawrence: What was his name?

JN: Burns McKowen.

Lawrence: Burns McKowen. Used to gamble all the time.

Mary: Well, I don't know whether he gambled or not. But he done everything. He did everything he wasn't supposed to.

Lawrence: He sure did like to play cards.

Mary: Did he?

Lawrence: Yes, he did. Yeah.

JN: Well, let's get Mary enthused about getting a hamburger or something. What do you like?

Lawrence: Well, that's all right. I just ate a little breakfast a little while ago and I don't eat very much. One of these days I'll come and eat of them stews there.

Mary: I wish you would.

Lawrence: You take care of my little trees, my little rose bushes.

Mary: We'll sure try. I talked to Mark and Dusty to take care of the lawn and things.

Lawrence: Who's Mark and Dusty?

JN: You talked about the Greek, this is his son, I think.

Mary: Son-in-law.

JN: He sure does a helluva good job taking care of that office.

Lawrence: I said that if I was young they could plant what they wanted. If I couldn't get off of my ass and take some clippers and clip the grass around and make it pretty... Them's our people, them's the people that made this country.

Mary: If they ever spray, while I'll probably know it and I'll cover them with plastic.

Lawrence: I don't want them spraying up here.

Mary: Well, they do it anyway. They have to keep the weeds down.

JN: The county comes over and does it.

Mary: They have to keep the weeds down.

Lawrence: They take one of them popper things and get what weeds there is. You don't have to spray like that.

Mary: Last summer we just about lost all the lawn up there. It was just so dry when you walked across it, it would just crackle. We couldn't imagine what in the devil was the matter, and finally we figured out it was an insect that had got into the lawn and it was just eating the grass right off. So, they had to spray it then and that got a lot of weeds and stuff, too. So, you have to be careful

of those. Then you're going to have to be concerned about aphids and stuff getting on those roses, but I'll watch them.

Lawrence: I'm glad there's somebody that's got something up here.

Mary: Well, I don't know.

Lawrence: I'll bring my little book up. I wrote a poem about the Greek with the big backhoe.

JN: Oh, you read it to me. Write a poem about our industrial area in the middle of town, the oil tanks.

Lawrence: I don't like that. You know, I seen him putting that there and the next thing I knew, Ardeth Mansfield, she was telling me about it, but then, they used to come up to get the mail and they stink you out of the post office.

Mary: Hey, it's made us so sick you can't breathe.

Lawrence: It's a shame. Why didn't he put it way out there where he was?

Mary: That's what we want to know.

JN: It's convenient for him where it.

Mary: And he knows he can get even with people.

JN: On February 3rd, about 10:30 at night, here's the fire engine right out my window here. See, here's the fire engine going up to put that out. This is right after they turned and started up there. These others, I don't know what they are. But those tanks were about thirty feet high. How high are the flames? A hundred feet.

Lawrence: Those flames are higher than the tanks, this one on this side. Well, if Dave was a good community man, which he never has been, he's always been for Dave Murray... I guess that's what it takes to get rich is to be a crook.

Mary: He's sure a foul-mouthed man. He's called up ? on this phone and you've never heard such language.

Lawrence: I know. He can cuss Yankee Doodle and never miss a note. Well, I'll tell you what he needs, and I said, "You know, if the people would have kept their damned hands off," I said, "They should have let Art McKee beat the hell out of you." 'Cause I said, "Now they've grabbed on." Lanny Cook told him right up here. Lanny said, "Murray, if you'd have done that to my wife, I'd've shot your guts full with a .45."

He was a-pushing old Dave all the time, old Lanny was. He said, "I'd've shot your guts full with a .45."

Mary: I wish Art would have finished him off.

Lawrence: Well, I can't believe it. I can't believe he's that kind of a guy.

Mary: And we've been told and warned that if you cross him, he'll get even.

JN: [Referring to photos.] The east side looked worse than the west side, but I run out of films.

Lawrence: Katherine Walker said it was terrible, you know, but I've up here when you couldn't hardly stand it. Oh dear. Well, if he'd been a good community man, he'd'a moved it.

Mary: The city will never move him.

Lawrence: I know it. He told me that. He told me they weren't moving.

Mary: You know, I've wondered what would happen if we painted some targets on that. I think we ought to go up there and paint some targets on that and have everybody shoot 'em. [Laughter]

Lawrence: It's a shame. It's a damn shame. I wonder if money would do it.

JN: I don't know. I've had some sick spells that kind of wiped me out, so I don't have enough money to even say hello to him.

End